

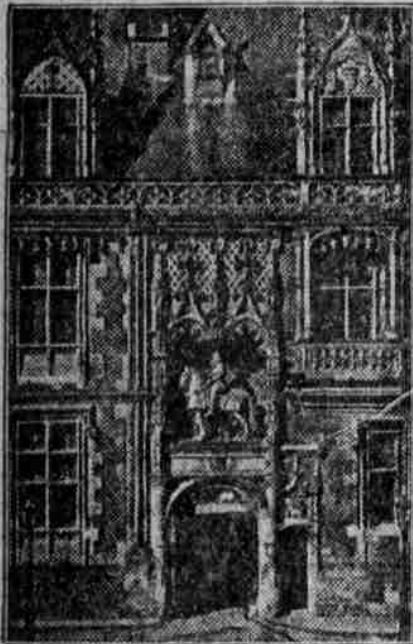
WORLD WONDERS

Drawn in State By Police



A most unusual and most interesting incident took place on the occasion of the recent state opening of the British parliament by King George. Prince Lichnowsky, the new German ambassador to Great Britain, was driving to the house of lords in state, when his horses became frightened, plunged and broke the pole of the coach. Police ran to the horses' heads, unharnessed the animals and lead them away, then constables, holding the traces, drew the coach to the house of lords.

THE CHATEAU OF BLOIS



Touraine, the garden of France, as it is called, is rich in historic castles. Along the valley of the Loire stand those of Blois, Chambord, Amboise, Chenonceaux, Langeais and Azay-le-Rideau. It was at Blois that Joan of Arc raised her standard in 1429. The oldest part of the chateau dates from the thirteenth century and includes the Louis XII wing with its famous portiere. The illustration shows the portiere.

CHESTNUTS AS FOOD

The absence of Indian corn as an article of diet among the poorer classes in France is, to a certain extent, replaced by the popular chestnut. The ordinary way of cooking them, says a consular report, is to remove the outside shell, blanch them; then a wet cloth is placed in an earthen pot,

which is almost filled with raw chestnuts. They are covered with a second wet cloth, and put on the fire to steam. Hot steamed chestnuts are carried around the city streets in baskets or pails. The majority of the working people, who usually have no fire early in the morning, eat them for their breakfast, with or without milk. Physicians state that, as an article of food, chestnuts are wholesome, nutritious, and fattening. These nuts are often used as a vegetable, and are exceedingly popular, being found on the table of the well-to-do and wealthy. They are served not only boiled, but roasted, steamed, pureed, and as dressings for poultry and meats. Chestnuts are also made into bread by the mountain peasantry.

CYCLE OF THE RAINDROP

A German professor named Meinardus has amused himself with calculating how long a drop of water stays in the ocean before it is evaporated, and how soon it returns to the sea. Calculating—he does not say how—the total evaporation from the surface of the ocean and estimating the total volume of water in the ocean, a drop of water entering the ocean will stay there 3,460 years, provided it awaits its turn to be evaporated. However, the professor admits that the surface water stands a good chance of getting ahead of its turn. The average stay out of the ocean is only 12 days.

HER ASHES TO FLOWER BED

The will of Mrs. Margaret Carmichael Webster, who was burned to death at her home in Washington street, Flushing, N. Y., provided that her body be cremated and that the ashes be scattered on the central flower bed in front of the crematory at Fresh Pond, Queens. The will, which was made on October 21, 1895, was filed for probate recently in Queens county.

Orchestra for Zulu Dance



is the custom of the natives engaged in the Rand mines in South Africa to hold a dance on Sunday in which many hundreds, usually clothed array, take an active part. The music is supplied by a powerful orchestra, as shown in the illustration. The dance frequently lasts for hours, by which time many of the natives taking part will collapse from exhaustion.

MUMMIES BY THE MILLION

It has been estimated that something like 20,000,000 Egyptian mummies have been discovered. Thousands of those best preserved are now in the show cases of the various museums of the world. In the tombs with the mummies were countless other objects. There were paintings on the walls, chairs and tables, jars containing the parts of the body which were removed when the mummy was prepared, mummy cases gaudily colored with funeral scenes and hieroglyphic inscriptions, and in the cases along with the mummies were papyrus. Beneath each mummy's head, like a cushion, was a little disk of clay or papyrus, covered with mythological pictures and with a stereotyped hymn. The disks, found in great numbers, are nearly alike, varying only slightly with the period from which they come. "Hypocephali" they are called, because they were placed beneath the head. Like the mummies, the objects found with them have been scattered abroad, and in the museum at Cairo any tourist may purchase as many of them as he will.

The inscriptions on the disks and the mummy cases, of course, could not at first be read, nor could the mythological pictures accompanying them be understood until the inscriptions could be read. However, in 1799 the famous Rosetta Stone was discovered, and Champollion, a French deciphering its hieroglyphic inscription with the aid of the accompanying Greek translation. The process was so slow that it was not till 1841 that a grammar of the Egyptian language appeared. Then the progress in the study of the language was rapid; the strange hieroglyphics became as intelligible as an English newspaper.

LOST PIN MYSTERY

One of the mysteries of the world is certainly the pin. In astounding quantities they pour from numerous factories, principally in Birmingham. One mill alone is credited with turning out nearly 10,000,000 pins a day, and no one has ever attempted the calculation of the world's output. A pin is a thing which, in the ordinary way, would last for years, and it is a problem to account for the necessity for making such enormous quantities.

The explanation is undoubtedly that pins are so cheap that everyone throws away or loses them as fast as they use them. Thousands and thousands of them enter the sewers of our towns, and solid masses are often found where innumerable examples of these tiny articles have become welded together in their passage through the sewers.

The output of a pin factory includes dozens of different sizes, from the tiny pins used by naturalists, only a quarter of an inch long, and as fine as a hair, to giant blanket pins four inches in length, and nearly as thick as a wire nail.

Hairpins are another example of useful articles made to be lost; they follow the fate of the common pin, and descend in a continual shower on the paths and floors of every civilized country. Says the Star: "One observant visitor calculated from careful examination that on an ordinary day there were over 3,000 hairpins lying on Llandudno Parade." All pins are made by automatic machines, which complete the transformation from wire in a single operation.

GIANT WINDMILL



It was about the middle of the last century that the American windmill drove the old style Dutch mill completely out of business, both in this country as well as in all the other countries of the world. Now, however good, the Dutch windmill has indeed come into its own; and that, too, right here in the United States of America, where, a hundred years or so ago, was invented a mill that out-rivaled every other of its kind in existence.

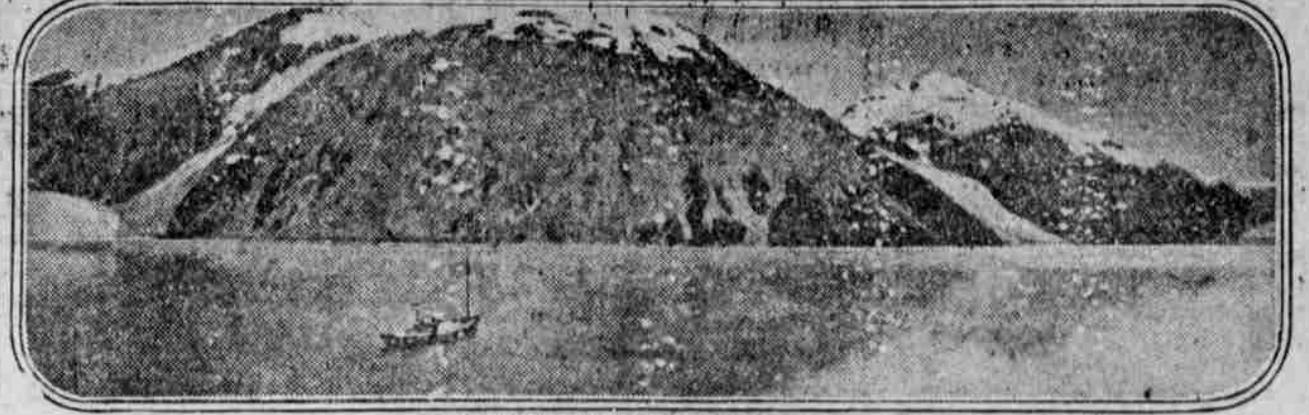
The giant Dutch windmill, the largest windmill in the world, has recently been completed in Golden Gate park, San Francisco. And not excepting those in Holland, the home of the windmill, there is not another of its size anywhere. This mill cost \$25,000, and it is the gift of the leading citizens of San Francisco. It stands 86 feet high, and its giant wings have a radius of 57 feet. In a 30-mile breeze it will pump 70,000 gallons of water an hour, through a 12-inch pipe line which carries to a distance of two miles, being 200 feet in height.

WIRELESS TRAVELS FAR

A wireless message sent out by an operator in Persia recently was heard distinctly on a ship near Melbourne; more than 5,300 miles distant.

IS NO LAND FOR WEAKLINGS

LEAR up on the northwest coast of America, in the Land of the Midnight Sun, is a country which still defies the hardest traveler; a land where huge mountains rise sheer out from the water's edge on an ice-bound, storm-swept coast; the home of vast glaciers, unknown lakes and rivers, silent valleys and unpopulated wastes. Ponder a moment on these lines from the able pen of one who has lived the



THE HEED OF LUTUYA BAY

life and tramped the trails across the great unknown:

No! There's the land. (Have you seen it?) It's the curstest land that I know, From the big, dizzy mountains that screen it. To the deep, deathlike valleys below. Some say God was tired when He made it. Some say it's a fine land to shun; Maybe, but there's some as would trade it. For no land on earth—and I'm one.

So, indeed, does the wanderer feel, once he has fought Nature in her sternest moods, or reveled in the short but glorious summers of Alaska. The rapid changes of climatic conditions in the arctic are constant sources of wonderment to the man who has never previously experienced them. Today he may roam over countless miles of

desolate, barren wastes, where snow and frost still hold the earth beneath their iron grip. If perchance he passes there again within a few weeks' time, when once the sun's warm rays have played their part, the face of Nature seems to have entirely changed. Here, in this valley, where a short time since nothing but snow lay deep, far as the eye could reach, what sight is it that meets the gaze? Luxuriant grasses waving in the wind and countless flowers all bursting into bloom. The tender green of spring shows forth on every bush, while birds, and even butterflies, besport themselves where formerly no living thing was seen. Down through the smiling valley runs a babbling stream, and in its crystal waters numerous trout are busy feeding. What marvel, too, has brought to life myriads of mosquitoes

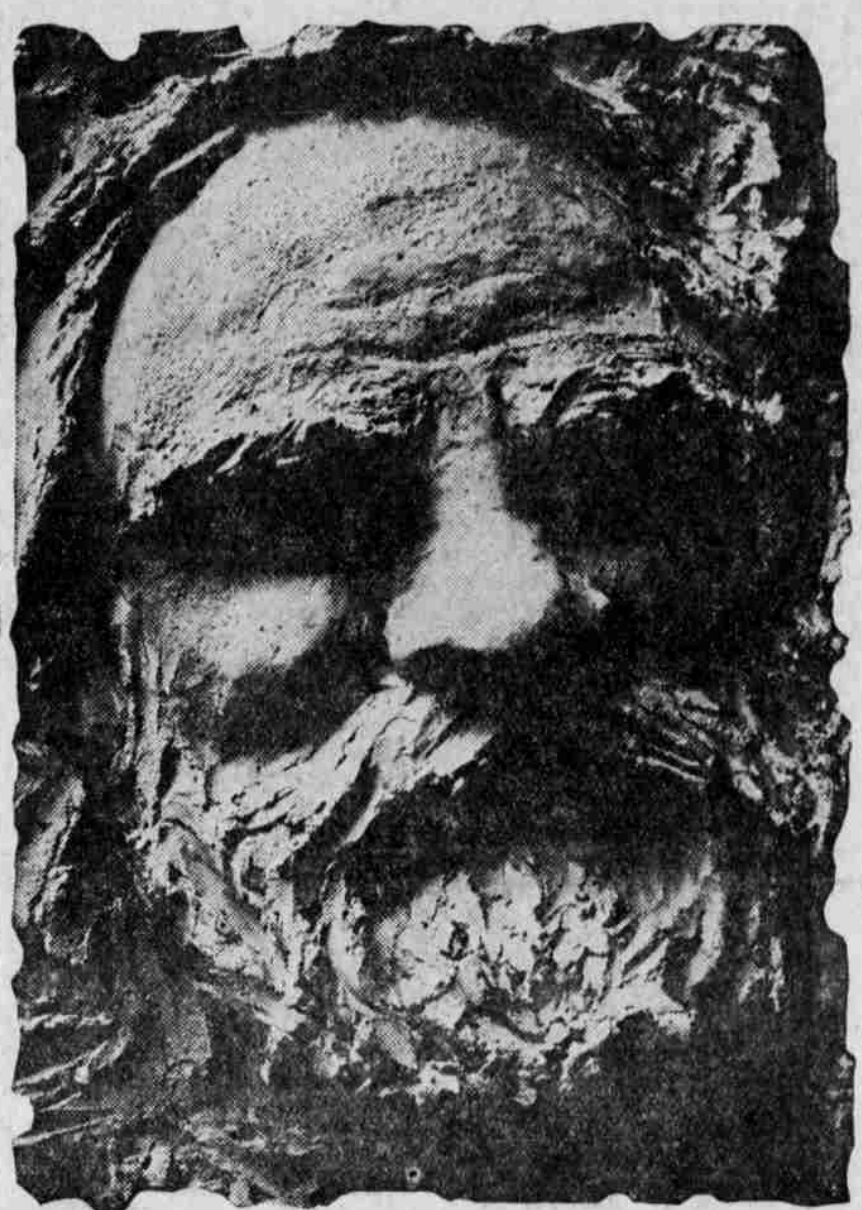
and other insect life from beneath those great stretches of snow and ice which lay for months upon the ground? No man can tell nor any pen describe these manifold mysteries of the frozen north. Here, in these brief, sweet summer months, the nomad may linger, gazing by day or night on a never-setting sun, breathing an air the purest and most invigorating that ever was wafted on the breeze, coming from snow-tipped peaks and down their slopes which are densely clad with hardy mountain pines. But let the wanderer in quest of sunshine beware lest he oversteps his welcome, since once that great magician, King Frost, asserts his sway, this is no land for the weaklings.

Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your chosen ones. Them will I take to my bosom, them will I call my sons.

GREAT MEN IN COMMON CLAY

Models by C. A. BEATY

Words by GENE MORGAN



JIM HILL.

They laud the mountains of the west, those peaks with which the landscape is blessed, but even Pike's summit seems quite nil when measured with the great Jim Hill. His top is snow-capped, somewhat bare, but mines of value nestle there, not coal or ore of any kind, but lodes of vast financial mind. He put the tracks in "trackless plains" until scarce any trace remains. Of all those wild and woolly scenes except on moving picture screens. Long freight trains labor up the heights which once beheld cruel Indian fights and in the valleys farmers toil, inducing the reluctant soil to give forth wheat in wealth untold where once the bison's snort was bold. The "prairie schooner" now gives place to motor cars of dizzy pace and where smoke signals once did curl, we hear the telephone's sweet purr. The city where they make the flour is where James J. upholds his tower and warns the eager countryside to store what nature doth provide. All titles haughty doth he scorn, he doesn't need to blow his horn. This fact is good enough for him: Throughout the state they worship "Yim."

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Hamlet in Japan.

We can never hope to see in London Shakespearian productions on the same lines as those which find favor in Japan. Not long ago the Kobe Herald described a performance in that town of "Hamlet," with the scene laid in modern Japan. "The Prince of Denmark" appears first in a silk hat and a swallow-tail coat; then on a bicycle, clad in a bright blue cycling suit and striped stockings; and then in evening dress again, with a flower in his buttonhole. This up-to-date collegian

has little more resemblance to the Hamlet whom Shakespeare conceived than a few of the modern type would bear to the Shylock of ancient Venice." Ophelia, for the purposes of the play, was transformed into a fellow student of Hamlet at the University of Tokyo.—London Chronicle.

In Defense of Mother Tongue.

Italy, as well as France, now has the football craze, and the fact has caused Sig. Luciano Zuccoli to raise a cry of alarm on behalf of his mother

The winter! the brightness that blinds you, The white land looked tight as a drum, The cold fear that follows and finds you, The silence that bludgeons you dumb, The snows that are older than history, The woods where the weird shadows slant, The stillness, the moonlight, the mystery, I've bade 'em good-bye—but I can't.

No more awe-inspiring scene can be witnessed than that of the ice breaking up on some big river, such as the Yukon, or many others in Alaska, when the pent-up waters burst their way in spring through many miles of icy fetters, with an accompaniment of appalling noises which bewilder the onlooker. Or again, let the traveler gaze a while at some spot where one of the huge glaciers ends abruptly in the sea, towering aloft above the waters. Here vast masses of ice constantly fall off, drift aimlessly about, and form a continual source of menace to unwary mariners.

tongue. He complains that the most musical of all languages is being debased by the introduction of harsh sounding sporting terms imported from England, although for many of these, such as "match," "rush" and "trial," there are satisfactory home-made equivalents. One of the largest athletic bodies in Italy has an entirely English name, "The Milan Football and Cricket club." Yet football, Sig. Zuccoli points out, is a direct descendant of the old Roman game, "harpastum."